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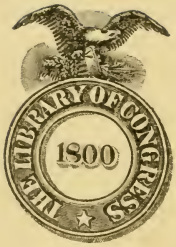

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Nature and Human Nature

Nature *and* Human Nature

By

Author of "Touches of Nature"

The Lakeside Press
R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY
CHICAGO

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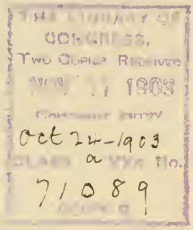

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REV. J. C. BEEKMAN
CHICAGO

DEDICATED

TO

AUNT ELIZABETH AND HER NIECES

Prelude

The hours of the Sun
Winning their way,
By eve and morn,
By night and day.
The stars look down,
The Earth looks up,
God holding all
In His divining cup.

An Ancient Version

'Twas in later May,
Or early June day,
And, with the returning Sun,
The blue deep,
From steep to steep,
Shone in richest amethyst;
For, with the breath of her rosy mouth,
The glowing South
Had wooed and won.
In such an atmosphere,
Rich, sweet, and clear.
Wood-violets at our feet,
Quails piping in the wheat,
As children forgetting the graver part
Of life and love,
Under the chestnut oaks we rove
For a long day's tryst,
For a holiday
Roaming the wood away;
Whose blushing blooms
Of delicate perfumes,
As fairie things,

Had taken wings,
And filled earth's rooms.
  At our feet the gleam
Of the source of a stream,
To babble o'er shallows,
Or broaden in bays
Of dallying delays
Of meadows and mallows;
Or, in clearer deep,
Mirror star and steep;
Till rainbowed in cataract
To dewy lawns,
Brushed of hares and of fawns,
And bespangled of hues
May-sown 'mid her dews—
Moss-loving arbutus,
Tender wood-violets,
Anemone rootlets,
And, up to shelving height,
Bluets and eyebright.
  Speed on, happy stream,
As God's beauty dream
Of fern-feathered dell,
Cool as deep well,
Where springs exude
Mid entangling thickets,
That no feet intrude

Save the cheerie crickets,
And golden-thighed bees
Enriching the hollow trees.
  Speed on, hidden stream,
As man's fairie dream
Of rain-shedding boughs,
And nest-builder's house,
Hidden riches of plum,
Snowy blossoms of berry,
Sweet-birch and wild cherry,
Aromatic fir,
Muffling pheasant's whir,
And booming drum;
"A populous solitude of birds and bees"
Amid the thickening trees,
Resonant of saucy squirrels,
Chattering over their burls,
And on half-holidays,
As part of Nature's own ways.
Shouts of laughter-loving children
On height, and through glen;
With slow-moving feet,
Sauntering recluse retreat,
Artist's rare prize,
Fisher-boy's Paradise.
  O rippling stream, God bless thee,
From spring to bay thou carriest

Large blessing, and echoes of eternity
That girt the great oceans 'round,
Ancient of singers thou mayest be,
Crooning to new-born Earth
Ere seed or scene had birth;
Through night and day,
Purling thy limpid way
From bank to bank,
Where the dank
Grass stoops low to listen,
And deep-throated birds
Raise higher still thy words,
Where stars gleam, and suns glisten.
O joyous stream, and birds,
Floating thy starry words,
Still swing and sing,
Beyond the minors of thy pebble-barred shallows,
Beyond thy meadows and thy mallows.
June, June!
Thy longed-for face
Presence supreme of summer grace,
In welcoming haste of glad surprise,
We hail! A Presence in these bowers,
By witchery of beauty, to win
A way to the heart within.
In outward guise,

Scarce can there yet arise
More immortality of being,
Surprise of flowers or leaves,
Or through these aisles,
Lights glancing play
In greens of golden sheens;
Enchantress of the hours!
Ecstasy only God achieves!
  Just down a bit yonder
What valley of wonder!
Happy valley of Rasselas
Compelling pause;
A sea of blooms
To float a thousand glooms.
Up and down the glen
What delicate sheen,
What glory floral
Of azalea and laurel,
While, by fall and shallow,
In pebbly minor,
Voiceful rill trickles,
Merry of twinkles,
And coquetry of dimples,
Melodious song along,
That robin and redbird,
Alternately heard,
With linnet and thrush prolong.

Hear the delicate laughter,
Tones modeled after
Angel-voiced word,
Is it angel or bird?
While, livelong day,
The merry, merry play
Wakens each living bush
To deeper heart gush.
But now a new note swells the high chorus,
As final token of divine caress.
Note upon note rising and falling
As wood zephyr enchanting the air.
"Glory to God,"
Were the words of the song,
"By day, by night,
Glory to God forever,
Halleluiah!"
And over and over,
In versatile, impromptu trills,
Radiant, triumphant,
"Glory to God forever,
Halleluiah!"
And, where the grand old elms
Tossed their whisp'ring fronds,
The great bird chorus
Responsively trilled the everlasting notes,

And, at her feet,
The glad brook broke into verse.
O, child of the eternities,
Wonderful was thy voice that day,
Not as of Dryad flitting a classic wood,
But of that crowning wonder of God's
thought,
A devout, heart-full woman;
Exultant melodist, thyself the voice
Of every bird and bloom
For which our hearts make room.
O Nature, often lowly,
In silences of mists wrapped wholly,
In thy great days breaking through
Into wonderful ways, that woo
The world from its strife,
The heart back to life,
Both echo and prophecy thou art
Of God and man's heart.
Never but once before
Did such glory pour
On our vision,
Whose impression bright,
Rises to sight
As from fields Elysian.
At close of a summer day
Pacing a steamer's deck,

That without check
Lays its way
Up a broad river,
That naught seems to sever,
But from heaven's high floor
In ceaseless golden bounty pour;
And, as in Arabian story,
From far azure tops
Fall linked diamond drops
Down through the blue glory,
From base to heights hoar
Filling shore and shore,
As, with treasure without measure,
Glory-land to earth
Gave earnest of new birth.
Through this crystal shower
Of Heavenly dower,
Glowing as prism,
Each drop divine chrism,
We lay our way
Toward setting day;
While, crowning all,
From wall to wall,
Where shimmering trees close the vision,
A bow spans the height,
In intensest vivid light
Of sacred mission.

One mem'ry more—
Of circling beach,
Of headlands crowned,
And seething seas,
In yeasty foams,
And tumults of rebound,
In ceaseless currents leap,
Far as the eye can reach,
"Deep calling unto deep."
To-morrow—minor melodies,
Of sunny sands,
Kissed of the singing seas,
And little ships
Sailing the shining shore,
'Neath clouds high floating,
And of sunset lit.
Surely thus doth God show
Eternal Godhead below,
Himself manifest
To greatest and least,
The power and beneficence
That alone are His.
These the supreme hours
Of that subtle essence
That we call Nature,
"When God's will sallies free,
And dull idiot may see"

Grace of the Father's feature.
Open letters of His subscription,
His verse written clear
Over sky, land, and mere.
  Dare we then scandalize
The high emprise,
That, with all resources at command,
As it spun and whirled from His hand,
Divinely planned this world?
  The world is God's glory,
Its mountains hoary,
Cloud swathe and blue peak,
And the rifts where we seek
Maiden-hair and blue-bells
In deep-shaded dells,
Mid browsing of sheep,
And rippling of rills,
Till peace the heart fills
Deeper than sleep.
  And wide savannas of wood and wold
Fairie-broider'd of the Lily and the Rose.
  All these tell us ever,
And over and over,
As the bow in the cloud,
That never and never,
While sky shall earth cover,
Is there more curse

For the bad or the worse,
Low or loud,
Of the ground,
But, the wide world round,
As God's grace is bound,
Thou need'st not, who starvest,
For seed-time and harvest,
Heat and cold,
Summer as winter's wold,
Night and day
Shall not delay.
  Scatter the golden grain,
Hoar-frost and timely rain,
Circling from main to main,
For toil returns its gain;
Broad fields of billowy wheat,
And stalwart corn shall greet
Glad eyes impatient hope
With generous growth and scope.
  The Sun in his season
Stoops to man's better reason,
Of earth were abundance,
And even redundance,
Were man's heart as true
As God's promise due;
Were our vices suppressed,
In God's brotherhood human

None need be distressed
Of daily dread
For needful bread.
For love would illumine
The paths of all true men,
And the dark glooms of want
Overbrooding squalid haunt.
  Lift up, then, weary one,
To the soil and the Sun,
Eyes of hope, eyes of faith
To believe what God saith;
Or, deeper inquire,
Even down to Earth's fire,
Of the treasures in store
For the centuries more;
Coal and oil
In the turmoil,
Veins of iron and of gold
In the crust growing old;
Multitudinous supply
That our feet underlie;
And wealth of the seas;
While above in the breeze
Innumerable birds,
Swarms, flocks, and herds,
Herbs, grasses, and roots,
Grains and fruits;

And happ'ly combined,
To a soul well refined,
Plain, mountain, and farm
Bring exquisite charm,
Born of designed harmony,
The munificent effect
Of the year's changes
From January to June,
And from June to January.
And, in scenes more ethereal—
The amber air
The heavens declare,
And the heavens,
To farthest shine,
His glory divine.
The Father Universal,
"Day speaking to day,
"And night unto night,"
Love, knowledge, and might,
Nor silence nor speech
Where their voice does not reach
Through blue of deep day,
Saddened azure of twilight,
Infinite spaces of midnight
In which the stars play,
"Distances incommensurable
By numbers that have name."

And man, wondrous man!
Crowning wonder of God's plan,
Admirable of frame,
Adapted to claim
Sovereignty universal,
Without fear of reversal;
Upright and alert
All attack to avert,
From his crown to his feet
Compact and complete,
And a hand
Whose wave is command,
In its structure combined
What in no creature we find,
Its feature a thumb,
Whose plane of motion,
And elastic flexion
Pertain to no dumb creation.
Plastic and mobile,
Subtile and prehensile,
With its delicate touch
For the little as much,
And this ingenious appliance,
A certain reliance
For deftly working out
The mind's intricate thought.
For, when man has planned,

His idealizations
Were no realizations
Without a servant so fitted,
So almost witted,
As the obedient hand;
Comfort, need,
Art, and heart
Wait its daily deed;
The sympathetic thrill
Of chord and cymbal,
And wondrous work of thimble;
The thousand utilities,
The prophetic possibilities
Of compacted power of will
Over inertial resistance,
Overcoming time and distance.
And uses spiritual—
Soothing as balm,
Throbbing brain with its calm,
Or, with grasp and clasp
That our hearts thrill,
Binding in common will
Sheaves of friendship and of love.

But, of all hands,
This hand that lies
In sympathetic touch,

This dimpled hand,
In this broad, brawny palm of mine.
O childhood's charms!
How dear the days
Of all the enchanting years between
The helplessness and eager teen.

And the eye,
The soul's wings,
Fleeter than sound's flight,
Threading mazes immensurable
On mystic rounds of light,
"Speed almost spiritual"
Through world and worlds so wide;
Reflector minute and infinite
Of works human and divine,
Distance and dimension,
Form, color, and space
Made clear by vision,
A grasp, tenacious as delicate,
Of beauty and utility.
And hue—
Of heaven's own blue,
"Or, veiled in shade
Of mountains, or deep waters made."
And expression—
Tender as skies that color it,

Deep as mountains and seas that shade it.
The eye and the hand,
With the mind to command,
From slumbrous earth
Bring a new nature to birth;
Of vicious wild brute,
And scraggy wild fruit,
The high-stepping Hackney,
And Juno-eyed Jersey,
Apple, plum, pear,
Peach, lucious and rare,
Full-clustered vines
Bottling their own wines
In blushing blessings,
Rich and sweet,
To overflow gushing
As lip and grape meet;
Deep, healthful grasses,
With toppling masses
Of full-seeded heads,
And swelling rival seeds
Of bearded amber grain
Pressing his groaning wain,
And waking merry laughter
To widest welkin rafter,
Wherever toil and plan
Lead out the humblest man.

And the fragrant lips of modest blooms,
Making eloquent silent rooms,
Brightening darkest glooms,
Flushing light as inner desire,
Earth's prismatic fire,
To man's sympathetic touch,
If some simpler grace losing,
Responsive and diffusing
Richer odor
Through wider border;
Hyacinth and crocus,
Crimson tulip breaking up,
Sweet pea and narcissus,
Holy lily cup,
Verbena and dahlia,
And peerless calla,
Jonquil and daffodil
From meadow and hill,
Jasmine and rose
New favors disclose,
Pink, primrose, and pansy,
Mottled to fancy;
Myriad blooms in their blush,
From myrtle to bush,
That sweeten the hall,
Brighten border and wall;
A new smiling earth

From horizon to hearth,
So rare! so sweet!
So ever and ever
Recurring through the years,
Breaking the crust
Of the humblest dust
Toward the open blue,
Efflorescent romancers,
Voiced of gay troubadours of song.

Souls of fire,
Heart's tumultuousness,
Interpreters of petals,
Rare and debonair,
Trilling thy stories over to us
Of clover blooms and arbutus,
Ring out in words
This lore of birds.

We will not, cannot tell
All the rare joys of birds and blooms,
'Twas man, not birds that fell,
We will not, cannot tell.

We flit and fly
'Tween earth and skies,
And man's vain hope
We tantalize.

You sinned, not we,
And do not care
Too close to share
Of your fraternity.

Boys steal our eggs,
And then you say,
"How pretty!"
Can we be laying eggs alway?

Your cats devour us,
Think of that!
How would you like
Your bones crunched flat?

You kill us,
And each other, too,
Go say your prayers,
And you be you.

In lyric May
Of poet blooms,
And legend fay,

Gay troubadours,
We flit and fly
'Tween earth and sky.

At dewy breath
Of rosy day,
Near and away

Through groves and dells,
As matin bells
Our love chimes ringing;

Mingling with mirth
Of morning's charm,
Supreme of earth,

A gayety
Of reverent mood,
And piety;

Supreme for thee,
Adventure rare
And debonair,

Rose gardens call
For thee apart;
Love claims thy heart.

Go plead thy sorrow,
Win grace to-day,
Win June for May.

O heavenly Throstle, heart of fire,
With notes distilled of Rose's desire,

And clover blooms and arbutus,
That tell thy storied loves to us,
Despite thy large complaint, we pray
Thou wilt not leave us, wearily,
There may yet be a better day
For birds and men;
The songs that woke in Paradise
We cannot spare on anywise,
Sing on and on forever,
Till hearts are won, and passion's waves
Beat gently on all shores they lave.
And you, ye spiritual gems,
Of loveliness entrancing,
Of love-breath born,
Bloom on and on,
Teeming in wildernesses,
Nestling at wayside homes,
Supreme prophecies of thanksgiving,
From roadside aster and goldenrod
To queenliest blooms of coronet,
Testimonials, all,
Of fathomless love,
Exhaustless tenderness.
The glory of the utilitarian is one,
But not to despise
The delicate tracery,
The harmonious color-music,

Whose unobtrusive power,
Subtile and impalpable,
So soothes and softens,
Charms and brightens,
So still redeems the world
To purer, surer hopes,
Diviner melodies.
  Nor do we forget
The play of expression,
The mind's and heart's expression,
The unconscious impression
Of their inner life,
Their world's peace, or its strife,
The soul glancing out,
Playing o'er and about
Each feature, as a lake,
Just touched of a breeze,
Little wavelets may make,
Transmuting clay
Into palpable spirit,
Translucent of love.
  But, in this hurry of speech,
We cannot reach
All the power and grace
Of the human form and face;
Smile of ineffable charm,
Luminous and warm,

The heart's captivity,
Willing captivity;
Latent eloquence of mobile lip,
Glowing cheek,
Streaming hair,
And divine stamp everywhere;
Crowned by this arch on high,
Symbol, or symboled of the sky,
"The seat of man's unconquerable mind,"
Whence Moses and Jefferson legislate,
Webster and Cicero debate,
Homer and Shakespeare wing
Immortal verse,
That, thunderous of song,
Or, sweet and low
As "Drama of Exiles" flow,
Ages prolong;
Newton moves out to bring
Starry worlds to be weighed by man,
Paul and John
Heard, wrote, and wrought
Transcendent wonders of thought.
And Christ!
Compressed to gauge of human brain,
And, fain,
Asked no other gauge
To fill the world's full page,

To break the entangling tissue,
To wage to successful issue
The great endeavor
That should sever
The bonds of evil forever and forever;
Till, on that fateful day
Of baleful warning,
Though Time's true morning,
He could say,
"It is finished,"
Naught to be added,
Naught diminished,
Now and forever,
For alway and alway.
And this touching our spiritual nature,
So deep, awful, and tender,
Both God and man's wonder,
That abysm of much
But dimly known,
Whatever our search,
Though by flashes shown
From God's eternal throne—
The life of man.
That I am of being
Beyond the sight,
Beyond the seeing,
Deeper than light—

The soul of man.
O wells of thought,
Of joy and sorrow,
Keen, biting bitternesses wrought,
That win no hope,
To-day, to-morrow,
Sharp need and greed
That do not speed,
And pain,
To Job's refrain,
Or sweetest singer's plaint,
In thought so quaint,
That "down among our senses
Sits our soul as mourning saint,"
A prisoner forlorn and faint,
Doubt and doom
Shadowing all with gloom;
Life dominating inertia,
But death reprising from life.
O Christ! earth's glory, and her burning shame,
All grace and mystery in Thy sovereign name,
Thyself the type of a divine decree,
We take our cross, and, Master, humbly follow Thee.
And yet, and yet,

Despite what may,
Let us not alway say,
"Spite of this flesh, to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole,"
But, as the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "'All things
Are ours,' nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul."
Projecting into time and space
Creations of brain and heart,
Substantial, adequate accretions of life
In external, mute, and living forms;
Craft, art, and life itself,
To be as we
For bane or blessing.
And power of winning
Charms of life,
Social,
Of the home,
High ambitious reach;
And through all to shine
A life divine,
That, in one,
May Earth and Heaven combine.
For by no communications
Of atomic formations,

Molecular relations,
Or protoplasmic cellations
Is the problem revolved by man solved,
How time and man may be
Without God and eternity.
  Great is man in thought,
But from naught is naught,
The Spirit's eternal play
Through matter reflects its way,
Atoms by law combine,
Plant life and life of brute,
And crystals to most minute;
Leaves their boughs entwine
By distances proportionate
To times of planets, as they roll
Through their wide circuits
Round the great axis of the solar pole.
  And, thus, celestial glance
Anticipates thought's deepest trance.
  Thinking and thought,
Thinking and thought!
Which out of wells has brought,
Deep as Artesian,
Mysteries Elysian;
Shape and girth of worlds,
Their time and range of whirls
In paths eccentric;

And the new creation
Wrought out by invention,
Where powers of God and man
Smooth life's rough way as equal plan,
From the least toil-saving trick
To the click
Through wire-bound meshes
Threading land and seas.
  These all appealing,
As lyric harmonies,
To infinite outreaching,
Despite all doubting preaching.
  Till all this life intense,
Nor less intense for sin and sorrow,
Or the uncertain morrow;
Tides of mind and heart
In ceaseless ebb and flow,
Ineffable aspirations of hope and faith,
Wave on wave—
In the exhaustless significance,
The melodies and harmonies,
The streams and seas
Of the human voice;
The sympathetic mobilities,
The subtle versatilities
Of human speech.
Uttered or written,

Joyous or aggrieved—
Wave on wave
Undulating, lave
Farthest shores of time,
Heights of eternity.
  And shall man,
Lowliest man,
Measuring to so grand a plan,
Not be loyal!
Not be royal!
Such a world!
And such a man!
  Thus our thought and our saying,
As our saying were praying;
For our hearts were one
As the day and the sun,
As eye spoke to eye
As earth spoke to sky,
And we were sure
As God will endure,
This is His world,
Whatever it hold.
  The Cumberland hills
Peeped blue, and the trills
Of streamlets and birds,
And the lowing of herds,
Thrilled each sensitive nerve

With exquisite verve;
And we said,
"The world is divine!"
Not as a thing read,
Nor as we opine,
But, in assurance so deep,
That, from centuries' sleep,
Again we would say,
Without breath of delay,
"This is God's world!"
For each petal of the wood,
As on that day it stood
In glad surprise,
Outcries,
"Thou Poet-God, art great!
Thou Poet-God art good!
And glad as good!"
On whom we wait,
As, in happiest epithet,
The white-winged poetess hath said;
Till at last we ponder,
With less doubtful wonder,
That the heavenly leaven
Be "in man's heart as in Heaven,"
Till its evil surcease,
And, as glad earth that day
'Neath God's smile it lay,

Beating quick refrain,
In its own native vein,
To love, joy, and peace.

Dews are on the clover,
Larks are in the sky,
And day by day the blossoms swing
Their sacred censers high;
O Love, O Hope, that gayly ramble,
Heart-twined, alike by rose and bramble.

O Love! O Life! How sweet to stay
In the caressing arms of a world so clever,
Where so many voices daily say,
"Live on in love and hope forever";
And over ridges, running low,
Angels are telling the story so.

Brothers ours,
Mid these glowing bowers,
And the gay gleams of childhood's hours,
In a world so full,
In a world so fair,
In this ambient air
Of fragrance and flowers,
Of song, sunshine, and showers,
Lay not to God's charge
Evil, from marge to marge.

The world and man,
The one representative Man,
Royal, though sad,
In the grand world He had made,
Is there in these the intent,
Is there the Father's intent
That evil be imminent?
Is it not rather written,
"God cannot be tempted of evil,
Neither tempted He one,"
But, "as a father his children's,"
Makes each human sorrow His own.

Father Divine, our Father,
Our uplifted hands protesting,
"Yesterday, to-day, and forever,"
Thou, and Thou only, art good.

Worshipful silence wins a voice
In instruments of humblest choice,
The quivering of countless leaves,
The rustling of the ripening sheaves,
Praising Thee,
Praising Thee.

Birds and rippling water's flow,
Sunsets in their ruby glow,

Morn and mountain, seas prolong
Services of holy song,
Praising Thee,
Praising Thee.

World so fair, and worlds so fair,
Climbing by invisible stair,
Wide their voiceful motions grow,
Music of motion as they go,
Praising Thee,
Praising Thee.

Their songs roll on, shall ours be still,
Nor people every vale and hill?
From lowliest home, and highest vane,
And every lip, breathe the refrain,
Praising Thee,
Praising Thee.

Poetic Consensus

Faint and vagrant echoes of an eternal melody.
L. G. B.

Touches of common things,
Till they rise to touch the spheres.
E. B. Browning.

The Earth is flushed with Heaven,
And every common bush afire with God.
E. B. Browning.

One bush aglow with God!
O mark the ardor, flaming side and side,
And go lowly and worshipful.
Anon.

The walls that close the Universe with crystal in
Are eloquent with voices that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies for beings of celestial mould.
And speak to man, in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and propitious power.
Percival.

His glory by whose might all things are moved
Pierces the Universe.
Heaven calls,
And, round about you wheeling, courts your gaze
With everlasting beauties. Dante.

I but open my eyes and God is seen God,
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul
and the clod.

R. Browning.

A ray of heavenly light gliding all forms,
The unambiguous footsteps of our God,
Who wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds,
And gives his lustre to an insect's wing.

Cowper.

All creation keeps step to the sublime harmonies
Of spiritual forces. L. G. B.

O bright-faced sky, O smiling earth,
O scented and singing and festival springs and
summers,
O innumerable poetries of delightful nature,
Ye also are God's tender looks, and words, and
sacred kisses to us.

Pater Mundi.

Nature is God's hand lifting us to His heart.

L. G. B.

The June was in me,
With its multitudes of nightingales,
All singing in the dark,
And rosebuds, reddening where the calyx split,
I felt so young, so strong, so sure of God.

E. B. Browning.

God's aglow to loving eyes
In what was mere earth before.

R. Browning.

What a piece of work is man!
How noble in reason!
How infinite in faculty!
In form and moving how express and admirable!
The beauty of the world!
In action how like an angel!
In apprehension how like a God!

Shakespeare.

What might I not have made of Thy fair world?

Tennyson.

In the days of Balder the Beautiful,
When all lands lay in peace,
The frost-haired Friord sang this song.
The fierce north winds blew my heart
Into the far welcoming sunshine,
And I stood amid strange scenes,
And the confusions of other tongues,
The hills were clothed with vines,
And purple pomegranates blushed upon their borders,
While golden citrus fruits made nectar of the air.
Dark-haired, sun-kissed maidens stood in groups,
Poising their water-jars upon their shapely heads,

And, kindly, glancing invitation to the stranger,
His eager lips tasted the sweet draught.
Men clothed in robes were passing hither and thither,
Stately in their mien, and leisurely in their movements,
A group of twelve half circling a leader and teacher,
But his words were not tuned to a Northman's ear;
Only the cadences of their melodies,
The rise and fall of their intonations,
Their subtile harmony of intoxicating sweetness,
Penetrating the heart as spiritual essence,
These drew all toward and near the group,
Fixing their willing eyes and thoughts;
Who are these, and who is this presence?
Heart rather than brain seeking answer,
For here is more than the common teacher,
This voice, these eyes as well as lips speak;
And, as I linger and listen, intent,
A glance has met mine own,
And, mingling, reads the inmost pages of the heart's deepest lore,
And I shudder at the revelation
Reflected in those tender, searching eyes,
A revelation of self to self;
For I look as into a glass of the soul;
And is this Friord?

This the noble Norseman,
The friend of the great Hendge,
Whom all men honored?
Shall his eye quail, and heart grow faint?
And is he so like a fraud, even to himself?
So ran the troop of exclamatory refusals.
One pressing another,
So ran they 'gainst myself that I scarcely stand,
All things are dim,
I strike out blindly for support,
A hand stays me,
It is the teacher's touch,
I sway an instant,
And then, waveringly, return his quiet gaze;
It is benign and sympathetic,
But of more than human purity,
And I shrink back upon myself,
And know I am a sinful man.

The sweet south wind blows over my heart,
And the snows of many winters are melting,
And softening the hard rock,
And little trailing vines,
And tender shoots of green and bloom,
Are covering its stony depths;
It was but a word,
"Thy sins are forgiven thee."

The mountains glow in the dawning twilight,
In their glad freedom,
The springs of the hills leap from rock to rock,
And emerald valleys welcome and echo
Their songs of liberty and joy.
Order and industry, peace and hope
Brood in palace and cottage,
But this heart-glow and freedom,
This love and content,
This homeness of the soul,
Wrought by a word,
These are more than sunny mountain,
And leaping spring,
Green valley and voiceful song,
Hum of industry,
And murmurous harmony of home.
My Lord and my God!
Even so make me loyal and holy,
And glad forevermore.

ANON.

Love of God

O Love of God! How can we wake
A loftier note of love to Thee?
Thy love, not for Thine own love's sake,
But ours, and love's eternity.

Fain would we know, fain would we be
The glad, glad ecstasy of song
That bears some longing heart to Thee,
That lifts a soul above its wrong.

We rise by Thine eternal fire,
The fire of love and joy divine,
O Love of God! Thyself inspire
Our loves and joys to be as Thine.

Poor exchange he makes
Who ounce for pound exchanges
Virtue for pleasaunce,
Or even for brain,
For play of the fancy,
Or intellect keen;
What, or whom thou matest,
Goodness is greatest.

There are those who demand
Culture and beauty may stand
For conscience and duty;
That, by objects of taste refined,
The human mind,
With such dower,
Could not waste
Its peace and power
On joys of sense,
Fleeting, specious,
In their nature suspicious,
And, to their devotee,
Sure to dispense
Abject misery.

But, if this were true,
Would not Florence renew
The age of gold,
Where all might behold
Only sweet virtue
As the reward of virtu?
But, alas, the lie,
Transparent as the sky
Of her own charmed air,
Elixir and rare.

Flower city of Italy,
Fair Florence, do I slander thee?

In classic Arno laving thy feet,
Olive and vine
Thine encircling zone,
And fragrance a robe as meet;
A world-day's wonder
Thy palace grandeur,
Architecture honors thee,
Liberty reveres thee,
Poetry crowns thee,
No slander from me.
What forms out of Florence
As Angelo's in St. Lawrence?
Campanile of Giotto,
Thy voices still echo;
Beatrice and Browning
Make thine Italy's crowning:
Savonarola cannot slumber;
Honored names without number
Up to Dante's divine portal,
Which has made thee immortal.

In their proper place
Let men trace
Lines of beauty,
Matchless grace
In form and feature
Of each creature,

The æsthetic life
That gladdens earth;
Poetry and fiction,
And lofty diction
Of buskined tragedy,
Ecstasy of oratory,
Charm of canvas,
Music and costuming,
Rhythmic melody of motion,
Chiseled harmony of form,
Architecture and gardening;
All the muses nine
From Melpomene to Thalia
That soothe and refine,
In complex surprises
Of highest emprises
Let them combine,
For Art is divine,
An angel brightness
With Silver Key,
Whose "broad light from above,"
Flooding feet as face,
Grosser thoughts reprove,
Forms displace,
And higher impulses move,
But, wide as we seek,
Is still too weak

Confirmed habit to break,
Highest impulses move,
To search the blood,
The life of the soul,
That it be made whole;
Corruption so radical
Needing remedy radical,
That, to life's inmost springs new,
The heart may be new.

Art seeks to enshrine
All thought, all nature at its best,
Nor allays, but rather awakes unrest,
Thirst for life's rosiest, sunful wine.

And Philosophy's deep probe
Scarce touches subtlest essences,
Or, as a robe, a robe of rents,
Vainly o'erstretching soul and sense.

Philosophy and Art divine
The portal-pillars entwine
That shelter and shade
The grand façade
Of the "House Beautiful"
Of truth and love,
But offer no hope to free
The soul struggling for liberty.

Nor is the will omnipotent to ease
The anguished conscience,
And deny the pleas
Of sense indulgence,
Arrogance of pride,
Or envy and jealousy's despair,
Heart deeper than will,
Heart its own sin;
The refluent wave
Of guilty thought on what has been
Bearing all we would save
Back to black living grave
In the dead sea of our sin.

Ah, the felicity,
The eternal benedicity!
Had we always obeyed,
Had we always made
A luminous choice,
Turned an ear to God's voice,
Had we always swayed
To the right and the true,
Had no root of bitterness grew
To torture the mind,
Envenom the heart—
O God, what a part
Have we played in Thy World!

O heights of salvation for human feet,
O depths of perdition from every street,
O man, with holy hands
Adjust thy snowy bands.

For not even great merit,
But only God's Spirit
Is the ordaining hand
Fitting man to stand
In holy greeting,
God and man meeting,
Sweet babes of our breast
To be laid to their rest,
Or, in sacred chrism,
Receive their baptism;
Setting the seal of the Father and the Son,
And Spirit upon the little one;
For the bowed head
Breaking the bread,
To the face lifted up
Giving the cup.

When the heart is wrung
By sin's disclosure,
Or calumny's tongue,
In holy composure

Bearing with all,
Stooping to their fall,
Helping and raising,
Despondency facing,
With timely admonition
Bracing decision;
In divine fidelity
Making reality
Of floating conviction,
That may lead to contrition,
And stable reaction
From sin's fatal course
And eternal remorse:
Sharing warning and consolation
In tenderest relation
With the soul in its flight
Into glory or night;

And, at last, at the tomb
Pouring light through its gloom,
As "Ashes to ashes,"
And "Dust unto dust"
On the heart do their worst.

O calling, ennobled
Of Angels and Son,
Thy victories bloodless
None nobler have won,

God honoring,
Man needing,
Taxing heart and brain,
None called to thine honor
From his call may refrain,
But assured he must be
That God calls,
And not his own and human vanity.

Verily at church door
There is more
Than to devout man has seemed,
Than godless man has dreamed,
Where heart is sweetly drawn
With heart of heavenly throne.

Stand wide, O church door,
Let thy holy lore
Distill as the dew
On the many as the few,
Young man and maiden,
Make here another aiden,
Swing low, Holy Bells,
Of Heavens and of Hells;
To far and far away,
Sound out thy voice to-day,
Ring, ring,
Till mingling melodies wing

O'er vale and hill
News of God's good will;
The great salvation
For every people and nation.
O'er rosy hedges
And grassy lanes,
By roadside edges,
Dusted of rattling wains,
At cottage and palace door
Ring in the heavenly lore
To win our choice,
Till angels listen and rejoice:
And the air,
Tremulous of benediction,
Softens the heart to reflection,
And responsive move the people
To winsome voice of steeple;
At whose beckoning tower,
With genial smile greeting,
Neighborly hand-shaking,
And heartfelt inquiry
Under shade of wall and tree,
Rich and poor
Gather from far and near.

Threading the churchyard,
His family bodyguard,

The pastor leads the way;
And stops a word to say,
To wring a brawny hand,
Or stoop where children stand
In happy awe,
To whom his voice their law,
Or, to the aged and poor
Gathered about the door,
A word imparts
That thrills their hearts.

Such congregations,
In boyhood days,
In joyful patience
Crowded our ways;
Young men in troops,
And maidens in groups,
Long lines of travel,
That, to-day, were marvel,
Till all assembled,
A great household resembled,
That, with heart and voice,
In uniting prayer and song rejoice;
And, so made receptive,
When the word was spoken
That all owned as God's token
The truth ever new,

Fell as the rain,
And distilled as the dew.

O, Sabbath Blessedness!
With light that but for thee
"Ne'er on land or sea could be,"
Time noting a benign change
"Into something rich and strange,"
Making and celebrating
Earths and Heavens new,
May no malign influences
Weaken thy sway,
For so only are we true
To our great traditions,
Our great convictions,
And to our great missions;
Happy they with the first,
To whom, week by week,
Ministers a pastor holy as meek,
And who with Paul might say,
"As I follow Christ
Follow me alway."
Happy people
Whose God is "Our Father."
Happy people
Whose word is His Word.

On the still air,
In dauntless cheer
The evening chime
Breaks full and clear;
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,"
O, Yearning Heart, to Thee,
Sad were the score if none,
Joyful if one
Cry thus, O God, to Thee,
Tearful the alternate notes
That tear the brazen throats.

O soul, in quick despair,
Fill with thy cry the air,
Thy stony heart relenting,
Thy will to God's consenting;
The voice of grace is pleading,
The day of grace receding,
Grace is not alway,
But to-day."

Breaks the tenor, breaks the bass,
Breaks the treble higher and higher,
Each clang as from tongue of fire,
"Lost! Lost from the Father's grace.

"Lost! lost in the very face
Of the loving Father, lost, lost!"
Oh, the horror, creeping till it interlace
With the heart's chords, throbbing "lost."

And the awful voice, rising and falling,
As on doomed spirits at last it were calling,
In every breath seems to mingle,
Till dullest ear is made to tingle.

And cries of weepings and wailings are
heard,
Remorseful anguishes in every word,
"The joy and glory that might have been
But for our fateful folly, sin";

Until the fane with trembling shakes,
And, stroke upon stroke, over all there
breaks
"Holy, holy, Lord God, art Thou,
Before whom highest, as lowest, bow."

And then, in softest resonance,
As gentlest pleading human voice,
"Judgment and mercy are His throne,"
Christ's cross and tears for thee atone.

Fearful bells, and yet so sweet,
Even for marriage mornings meet,

Note upon note in symphony
Offering grace to you and me.

Bells swinging up so high,
Bells singing so near the sky,
Bells toned of God, divine,
Intoning His love, line on line.

Holy bells, voicing for thee,
Holy bells, voicing for me
God's unfailing sympathy
In notes of eternal liberty.

O, voices of the Infinite,
Using all utterance for expression;
Whisp'ring in the heart,
And echoing in the thousand cadences of nature;
Thunder's peal,
And earthquake's tread,
Hoary hills,
Glist'ning or stormy sea,
The cataract's deep plunge,
Or limitless reaches of billowy main;

Stone-sown prairies,
Fire-denuded of green;
Midnight's measureless arc,
Silence and infinity of starry space,

The Borealis' weird play;
Snow-ermined earth,
White faces of the dead,
Morning's sweet breath,
Flower-tinted wold,
Pathless depths of noon,
And evenings opal glow,
And love,
And home,
And all that stirs to bettering.

O Love, Thy pleading voice
Is heard through all this noise
Of Earth and time,
And the hushed silences of every clime;
Through all our own linked sense
Of care, and pain, and pence,
To the child touching my sleeve
In God's reprieve
From hardened and daring selfishness
and sin
That grip my heart within.

Till Christ's "Lama Sabachthani"
Rings through Earth and through sky
As Love's last argument,
To the divine intent
That God be God;

And love be love,
Confirming in allegiance,
Where'er these deeds rehearse,
To farthest Universe;
And, to man, the moral might
Of the Love Infinite
In repentance unto obedience,
Hope from despair,
Joys that angels share.

Everywhere is proclaiming
Love eternal reclaiming,
The heart's reluctant homage shaming.

Shout and sing forever and ever
The glory of the great endeavor,
And joy of God's eternal favor.

Christ is king! We are not dreaming,
Gates of the East and the West are
beaming,
Light and life through their portals
streaming.

Christ is king! Love reigneth!
And high court maintaineth,
His love and reign never waneth.

Life and love our king giveth,
And our love receiveth,
Not as the world giveth.

Christ is king! Glory forever
Breaks on the heart He loveth;
Mine is the heart He loveth.

Christ is king! Never and never
Time nor eternity moveth
His love; my heart never moveth.

Then, blessed "all-prayer,"
The heart laid to rest
On the Great Father's breast,
Where our sorrows sob out,
Our joys play about,
And our exultations we share.

O utter earth solitude
Without divine plentitude,
Where the poor heart may beat
Out its chill and its heat.

Sought thus of God,
As God only can seek,
Held, and kept still
To know only one will,
Till we abhor the stain,

"The damning spot,
The incarnadining blot
Affecting sweetest Araby."
That "snow nor rain,
Nor deeps of the main
Can cleanse"—
Till we welcome the light
Whence it glows so white,
Mirrored from rippling Galilee,
Glimmering through mists of Gethsemane,
Darkling to light on Calvary.

Awake, O seven seas,
O seven seas and stars,
The glory of Emanuel,
Whatever mars or bars.

The glory of Emanuel,
The Christ of lowly Earth,
And lowly touch of earthiness
Enhancing heavenly birth.

Ring out ye clouds, and stores
Of wealth, still buried deep,
Of Him whose garnished ores
Sleep 'neath the zones that sleep.

He measures all our life,
The bound'ries of its strife,
And tunes our earthy ears
To chimes of starry spheres.

Exult, O Glory spheres,
"Time is no more"—the years
Claim all that God has said or done
Within the circuit of the sun.

Hammer and hammer,
Clamor and clamor,
Mid flying sparks of Tubal work,
Heated to redness,
Heated to whiteness,
The refining metal,
Thin as petal,
At last plastic,
Drawn out elastic,
In the coiled spring
That marks the swing of the hours.

And imprisoned voices of the spruce
Waited Amati to unloose,
By impact multiplex
Of plane and ax,
Ere viol and bow
Thrilled Heaven and Earth below,—

Voices of April violets,
And May-day orchard blooms, in truce
Of elemental strifes, in tunes
Of zephyrs loitering on to Junes.

And resisting man,
Not merrily,
But verily and verily
When God seeketh,
When He maketh
As He breaketh;
While through all He poureth,
His Spirit poureth,
As myrrhed wine poureth,
Into golden chalice,
Marred, but fit for palace,
Into man's heart poureth
His "reproof of sin,
Of righteousness and judgment,"
For, even the yielding soul,
Still unfitted for the mould,
"How the Refiner sitteth,
Till His own face flitteth
O'er the silver surface."

And all so clearly meant
To drive the soul intent

To one conclusion,
To banish the delusion
Of self and sin,
And look to God propitious,
A loving God to us,
And eternal life to win;
A sudden homesick longing
Piercing self and wrongdoing,
A breaking through to light,
A breaking through to life;
For this is light supernal,
And "this the life eternal,"
The guerdon of guerdons won,
"To know the Father and the Son."
And to wing the great relation
To Earth's remotest nation,
Till, with banners unfurled,
The wide, wide world
Shouts, "Redeemed and redeemed."

For eternity's boundary
Revolves no quandary
Greater than this,
That man share God's bliss.

Not our friends in glory,
Freedom of toil and worry,

Pain, sickness, and desire
Of what we can't acquire,
Our God is more
Than all His works,
Past and before,
Than all His gifts
From shore to shore,
Than all His worlds
Forevermore;
These but outward rifts,
These but makeshifts,
These but wasting mould,
Until the sweetness,
The full completeness,
The supreme brightness,
The unfailing whiteness
Of Himself unfold.

O wonders divine,
That starry brightness outshine,
The Father's smile beaming
As no light, streaming
To fill the round world;
"God is light," and impearled
In His essence, we shine,
As in His nature, divine;
His "hospitable greatness"

Our final rest,
To which home place we hie
As bird to nest;
"None in Heaven but Thee,
Nor on Earth beside Thee."

And, so,
To the soul distraught,
Is at last brought
This ethereal thought,
Of Time greatest,
Greatest of Eternity,
The Supreme Good,
The soul's sole complement is God.

Not outward glory
Of golden glinted story,
Nor crowns and calms,
Nor pearls and palms,
Nor regal city;
These the ditty
That symbol a deeper
Life, and sweeter,
A life in God;
Not myself and thyself,
Intense, nor satiate sense,
Nor peace,

Nor Heaven,
But God our rest,
Joy and zest,
Power and contentment blent.
"As panteth the hart
So panteth my heart,"
Near to the limit where all wishes blend
"Heart and flesh," and all nature
Cry out for Thee,
O Thou, the Living One,
"Shew us the Father,
And it sufficeth us."

Out of all its weary past,
Here, then, at last,
The soul stands,
Sinking sands
Hardened to granite
By pitying fate;
And weary feet
Ceasing their restless beat.

Thus the thought grows,
Thus the heart knows,
And, bravest conclusion to dare,
To claim I, too, am God's heir.

What languor of odors,
What holy heat of ardors,

Love and life,
Love divine
And life eternal,
Shaping words supernal.

It is past. It is past,
Grace availing at last,
The passion and strife,
The harassment of life;
All is past, all is past.

It is past. It is past,
Faults and failures are past;
The toils and the tears
Of the long waiting years,
All is past, all is past.

It is past. It is past,
Every shadow that cast
Its darkness and doom
'Twixt the heart and its home,
All is past, all is past.

It has come. It has come,
Men and Angels are one,
As on mercy's errands they run;
Wherever we roam
There is room, largest room.

It is light. It is light,
A new vision to sight,
New language, new laughter,
New joys rippling after;
God is light, all is light.

Life is full to the brim,
And we sit at the rim,
Quaffing at last
What forever will last,
Scarce thus could we dream.

Glory to Father and Son,
And Spirit as one,
With all, thou repliest,
"Glory to God in the highest,"
Who redemption has won.

Poetic Consensus

There is none that doeth good,
No, not one.

DAVID.

Mankind is corrupt and has no insight;
Men, as many as there are,
What knoweth one of them?
I sought after help,
But no one took me by the hand,
I wept,
But no one came to my side,
I cry aloud, but no one hears me.

BABYLONIAN TABLETS.

Would God, thou couldst hide me from myself.

TENNYSON.

He traveled here, he traveled there,
But not the value of a hair
Was head or heart the better.

WORDSWORTH.

A man must recognize the limits of his right
Before he reaches the limits of his power.

AUERBACH.

When we fall below ourselves,
We are punished by having to live below ourselves.
UNKNOWN.

When once our grace we have forgot
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not.
SHAKESPEARE.

He climbs the ship's side for release from himself,
But himself climbs the ship's side with him.
HORACE.

I looked on my right hand, and beheld,
But there was no man that would know me;
Refuge failed me,
No man cared for my soul.
DAVID.

Reasons and reasons, this, to begin,
'Tis the faith that launched point blank her dart
At the head of a lie, taught original sin,
The corruption of man's heart.
R. BROWNING.

But we, indeed, who call ourselves good and fair,
The evil is upon us while we speak,
"Deliver us from evil," let us pray.
E. B. BROWNING.

Hold thou the good, define it well,
For fear divine philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the lords of hell.

TENNYSON.

No torment, save thy rage,
Were to thy fury pain proportioned full.

DANTE.

There are two freedoms, the false, where man is free to do what he likes; the true, where man is free to do what he ought.

KINGSLEY.

If we admire those who show us our faults, there is always a possibility of becoming better.

ELIZABETH T. MORGAN.

Whatever is capable of aspiring must be troubled, that it may wake and aspire; then troubled still, that it may hold fast, be itself, and aspire still.

GEORGE MCDONALD.

When a man truly repents, the Angels are very near him.

H. L. HAMMOND.

Only through self-abandonment do we obtain possession of ourselves.

L. G. B.

In to-day already walks to-morrow.

COLERIDGE.

Enoch walked with God.

BIBLE.

Walk before Me, and be thou perfect.

IBID.

Hast thou considered my servant Job?

IBID.

Rest is not quitting this busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.

GOETHE.

The opening of the streets of heaven are on earth.

UNKNOWN.

He did God's will, to him all one
Or on the earth, or in the Sun.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Let us make Heaven of Earth then.

IBID.

Heaven is there where love and faith make heaven.

THE MAHABHARATA.

To talk with shortening breath
Of life, and not of death,
Since, in a life well spent,
Death's but an incident.

E. N. POMEROY.

Thy will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven.

JESUS.

Dare thou to give all history the lie,
So shall the world, confused, awry,
Grow polar to thee, slowly taught,
And crystal out a Kosmos round thy thought.

ELLICE HOPKINS.

Are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One—when a beggar—he prepares to plunge,
Another—when a prince—he rises with his pearl?

R. BROWNING.

The only limit of the gift is its welcome.
The only condition of reception, to no longer prevent it.

L. G. B.

In all eternity, no tone can be so sweet
As when man's heart with God's in unison doth beat.

LONGFELLOW.
Trans. Johannes Scheffler's Cherubic Pilgrim.

Oh, that I knew where I might find Him,
That I might go before His throne.

JOB.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the law.

LOWELL.

After Him my heart sighs,
To Him my thoughts turn as cows to their pasture.

VEDAS.

O we love Thee, we love Thee, and yet we love Thee:
And altogether we need Thee, and cry out after Thee.

L. G. B.

It is not life upon Thy gifts to live,
But to grow fixed with deeper roots in Thee.

JONES VERY.

From God who is our home.

WORDSWORTH.

When we cease to interpose obstacles, are we not already almost conscious of our union with God, and so of our completeness of life? L. G. B.

Grant, at last, love's utmost measure,
Giving, give the whole,
Keep back nothing of the treasure
Of Thy priceless soul.

INDIAN SONG OF SONGS.

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect. BIBLE.

If life be not already consciously immortal, and time already merged into eternity, the teaching of life and time is not yet complete. L. G. B.

He had thought to find God in the beauty of His works, he learned to seek all things in God.

LOWELL.

Nothing is great but God,
Ev'n Heaven's boundless hall
Is, for a God-full soul,
Much, O how much too small.

LONGFELLOW.

Trans. J. Scheffler's Cherubic Pilgrim.

The end of life is to be like God, and the soul following Him will be like Him.

SOCRATES.

The purpose of their lives
Was lifted up, by something over life,
To power and greatness.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

A hearty holiness must crown the work,
As a gold cross the minster-dome.

BAILEY.

Higher purity is greater strength.

LOWELL.

My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

TENNYSON.

With all the heart, and with that tongue which speaks
The same in all, a holocaust I made
To God, befitting the new grace vouchsaf'd.

DANTE.

We know the sweep of the circle by the measurement of its arc.

L. G. B.

The soul, in its highest sense, is a vast capacity for God.

DRUMMOND.

To me to live is Christ.

PAUL.

I do not wonder at what men suffer, but I wonder often at what they lose.

RUSKIN.

For eternal life, the ideal state, is not something future and distant. Dante knew it when he talked of "quella que imparadisa la mea menta."

Paradise is here, visible and tangible by mortal eyes and hands whenever self is lost in loving, whenever the narrow limits of personality are beaten down by the power of the Divine Spirit.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

Mere everlastingness might be no boon. The quality of the everlasting life makes the heaven.

Eternal life is to correspond with the "true God and Jesus Christ."

DRUMMOND.

Be what thou seemest. Live thy creed,
Hold up to earth the torch divine,
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the Great Master's steps be thine.

UNKNOWN.

He has shown us the way by which that country, far beyond the stars, may become the habitual dwelling-place and fortress of our nature, instead of being the object of its vague aspiration in moments of indolence.

LOWELL.

True bliss, if man may reach it, is composed
Of hearts in union, mutually disclosed.

COWPER.

I conceived myself to be now, not as mine own person, but as a member incorporate into that truth whereof I was persuaded.

MILTON.

It is only in fellowship with the Eternal Creative Spirit the created spirit can meet with the satisfaction of its desires.

W. T. GESS.

"The Whole World Kin"

Moral growth has ever followed a loftier ideal. But with Christianity alone is both the highest ideal, and the power to bring that ideal out from the realm of misty thought, and, as a consciousness, and, essentially, an experience, place it in the tangible and normal course of history.

ANON.

In the opulent delay of the day's leisure
We made seizure
Of a thought, a fact or two,
That, as to ourselves,
So also to you,
Might justify the strokes
Of a pen that makes books;
A thought, a fact or two
Of what man sought
And of what God wrought
Apt summer harmony,
In assured certainty
Of the thoughtful love
Which nothing can move,
The bloom and song of the soul's June,

Love triumphant,
Immutable,
The heart nestling to its home.
For, with God's earth and the play
Of its sunshine that day,
We were one with the scene
That day between
Lowly earth and high heaven,
Earth's heart pressed to the heart of God.

Nature's fulfilment of the promises of Christ.

Precious promises of Christ,
Wrapped in fragrant husk,
Shall we miss for their musk
The blessings twice told,
That fold in fold they hold,
The shining grain within
That awaits our faith to win?
That divine treasure list
The world so long had missed;
For the lowly are blesséd,
And blesséd the meek,
And they who with heart-longings after righteousness seek,
The merciful, mourning, and pure,
Who here for a little endure
For His name's sake,

Till the day break,
What treasure-trove
Here and above!
And, lest men fail to repeat,
Twitt'ring sparrows preach,
And words that God's thoughtful tenderness teach
Spring anew in lilies and wheat.
Holy breath of Divine Presence!
With holier essence
Of loving and life
Inspire our vain life,
That, ennobled in purity,
The now and futurity
Mingle as one;
"The judgment passed over,"
The heart as forever
At home and at rest;
For, "In Christ,
All God's promises
Are Amen and Yes."
Deny we then the soul,
That it be made whole?
And affirm that sin must needs
Permeate heart and deeds
In dominion over us
Who are under God's grace?

And struggle and battle,
And the rattle
Of war, through time,
If not into another clime?
Nor on Earth ever
Fulfilled that Scripture,
"In Earth as in Heaven"?
"Casting down imaginations,
And every high thing
That exalteth itself
'Gainst the knowledge of God,"
And against the God-will,
"And making captive
Every thought
To the obedience of Christ,
Saved unto the uttermost."
O soul of mine,
Bound, shackled
As auction slave,
Bound under law
Without rent or flaw,
"Sold under sin,"—
And under what bidders!
How can you win
The way of the saved?
The triumphant song
In peans prolong?

Blood has flowed,
Love has won,
Out of death
Life has sprung,
"By God's favor
Tasting death
In behalf of all."
Brief rehearsal,
But infinite reversal;
And but faint the bitter types,—
Bloody sweat
Thorns and stripes,
Nails and spear,—
Of the moment's consciousness
Of a soul without God forever.
And, so, henceforth,
"Nor death, nor life,
Space nor time,
Nor spiritual powers,
Nor other creations
Separate us
From God's love in Christ,"
"In whom all His Father shines,"
"Brightness of His glory,
And expression of His person,"
Our "Bread of Life,"
Through whom our life;

As in brief profession
Of Paul's confession,
"To us one God,
The Father;
Of whom are all things,
And we unto Him;
And Christ our Lord,
Through whom are all things,
And we through Him."
And thus we trust,
As we humanly trust
Father and mother,
Sister and brother,
Sweet maiden charm of betrothed love,
Daughter of our heart and home,
Son in our household born,
Friend we long have known,
Great leader of an army,
Patriot through period stormy,
In a confidence they will not shame;
To these we trust
Purse, life, and name;
We trust because we believe
They neither will, nor can deceive;
The only solid ground of rest
Is a heart so true that our hearts may
trust,

Asphodels and heartsease spring
From the soil of loving trust,
And of Thee, O Christ,
As we believe and know Thee,
We trust and rest,
And, 'neath azure and amethyst
Our souls are blest.
A heart conviction,
A passionate intuition,
A consciousness and spontaneity,
A living faith in the living Christ,
That having Christ is to live;
And, as chosen friends,
"Ye are my friends,"
And, with refined touch
Of equal fellowship,
"I will feast with them,
And they with me."
Friendship and fellowship
Of infinite price,
And infinite completeness,
The heart's exhilaration and rest.
Brothers ours,
Mid earth's sunshine and showers,
Longing hopes and mem'ries sweet,
Let us still believe
That "He, who caused

Light to shine out of darkness,"
Can gladden our hearts,
In giving the light
"Of the knowledge of His glory
In the face of Christ,"
And that "all are ours,"
Paul and Epictetus,
Apollos and Aurelius,
"Life and death,
Eternity and time."
O weary world,
Though garlanded of flowers,
Pressing in procession
With snatching eyes,
Unsatisfied,
Insatiate,
Is there for thee in these
No winning charm,
No alluring voice?
If, mid these thoughts sublime,
We lose our rhyme,
Too dreamily rocking
The cradle of words
We rock to sleep;
Art ever to thought
Is subordinate,
Or, highest art

Is divinest thought;
And soul harmonies
Are what we reach,
Whether we sing or preach.
For life were but sedge.
On the very edge
Of sterility,
Without trine unity
Of holy enthusiasms,
Enthusiasm of purity,
Enthusiasm of piety,
And "enthusiasm of humanity."
Not the mere rudiment
Of virtue to be,
But of that liberty,
In which the soul, at last free,
In joyous service celebrates
What it forever creates;
For, whatever we have achieved,
We have not yet achieved
Till we have loved and believed.
And, thus, the life eternal,
The heavenly kingdom,
God's power and presence,
In their essential essence,
"As in Heaven, in Earth,"
And in human history

The glow of the divine mystery;
As in Holy Book—
Where, in the divine John's view
From lone-island outlook,
Lay Earth and Heaven new—
And as poet-heart of the ages,
And the Vedas of its sages,
Had sought the clew;
Its Buddha and Balder
Names under which smoulder,
In Arctic and Tropic tropes,
Embers—or ashes of its hopes.
And the charming fable of the Round Table,
Holy Truth with Ruth,
At last to its ideal
Capturing the human will;
Woman loving as Elaine,
Without cross of pain;
As Guinevere beautiful,
Enid dutiful,
Una incomparable,
And the guileful Nimúé,
Never again to be
Knights grand as Arthur,
Not one of "devil father,"
All the twelve that sit

Washed of Christ to their feet;
Pelleas and Valiaint,
Eric and Irwein,
Perceval and Geraint,
And Red Cross Knight;
Sir Sagamore and Galahad,
Envisioned Sir Launfal,
Magician Merlin,
And once scornful Edyrn;
Some virtue distinguishing,
Some eminence mingling,
With courtesy gracious,
Faith unsuspicious,
And many a sprite,
With main and might,
Aiding their purposes,
Or staying their reverses;
All the glory fine
Of courageous preeminence,
Of aroma of loveliness,
Won from bad and worse,
Brightening needle and lance,
That, line by line,
Spencer and Tennyson flush
Through their transparent verse.
In Christian deed and hope
A grand nobility;

A divine chivalry;
To cope
With great adventure,
Under indenture
Of Christ's knighthood,
Sealed in blood;
Gracious St. Vincent,
Howard and Eglantine.
Martyn and Judson,
Maffat and Livingstone,
Gordon and Emin,
Stanley and Hanington
Nightingale and Barton,
And the thousand heroisms,
Chronicled and unchronicled,
Of Christian ministries
In camp and hospital,
Poverty and plague,
Munificent benevolences,
And pattering pence,
Moral heroisms,
Accomplished altruisms,
Surpassing realism
Of pretentious altruism,
Or of stocks and dollars,
In which men draw as collars,
Bowing the knee to Mammon,

As Syrian once to Rimmon,
In clink and clank of motion,
As though matter were man's portion.
But gold and machinery
Are, and have right to be.
The polished steel
That, with living arms,
Drives spindle and wheel;
And wide-winged fleets
That welcomed on every shore,
As worlds circling the sun,
Of all names and nations make one;
Thought's benignant off'ring;
To a new human offspring,
Car supplanting wain,
Heliograph and telephone
Post and watch-tower lone,
As though grosser creations were meant
To type and share,
With subtler work and rare,
The soul's final enswathment.
And, so, honor to knighthood of labor,
Plow supplanting saber,
The shop's merry noise
The camp's carouse,
Capital, brain, and brawn
In will and interest one;

Intelligent concession
Superseding oppression,
As powers of grace,
Rich and poor,
Ruling and ruled possess.
  For no salvation can obtain
Where ingrate hearts remain;
True glory is its own reward,
And "with myrtle wreathes the sword";
Turn down the bloody page,
At last let human rage
Abate its part,
And Peace with kindlier art
Fill the new age.
  Let, therefore,
Never more,
Grim despair
Darken the air
Of this Christian world;
Made sacred forever,
Made Christian forever,
By holy human hopes,
By blood, love, and tears,
By divine love and prayers,
By holy achievement,
Divine and human,
That beats as its pulse,

Or, its heart, throbs forever.
But who can portray
A life divine?
A life in which the play
Of heart and mind
Is in the plane of God's thought?
That plane in which He wrought
"When He laid the Earth's foundations,
And stretched out His line thereon,"
When "the Morning Stars rejoicing sang,"
And with shouts of God's sons the heavenly welkin rang;
While, o'er sea, plain, and wood,
Under His eye and benediction all was good?
Or, when He planted eastward in Eden
That ever-blooming pleasaunce garden,
Where Hope and Genius hand in hand
Still saunter as in enchanted land,
And gates of bone outswinging
Set thousand joy-bells ringing,
"Oak and linden,
Pine and fir,
Stately palm,
With Psalm they stir,
Low-spreading beech
And juniper";
Whence breathe congenial airs,

And fly to chase our cares
Song-bearing birds,
Whose rich wood-notes
Are almost words
Struggling their joyous throats;
Whence float
Ten thousand odors sweet,
As though to cheat
Decay and desolation of their meet;
Thence running vine,
And generous vegetation,
Whose charm and use combine
To hide
What we call dead;
A death that feeds
With subtler life and rare
The sweet and fair:
O Paradise, thy gates do not half close
While at our feet still springs the rose.
Voluptuous energies of nature woke
A thousand echoes ere the dismal stroke
Anticipating man's frail will,
Fulfilling God's good will,
Diffusing sense of more than sense,
A life than nature's more intense,
An outraged, but eternal grace
On nature's half-averted face;

Thou art, O Nature,
But the filmy mist,
Through which unfailing breaks
Diviner amethyst.
And "home, sweet home!"
Some Eden charm
Still gilds the home,
Friendship and love
Not all entombed,
"The ineffable delights of sweet humanity,"
That hold us to a truer sanity,
Self-sacrifice and daring rare,
That lowliest with the lordliest share
For home and state,
Ennobling lord as lowliest wight,
Eden's brief life cannot relate;
Ten thousand sparks of joy ignite
From multitudinous ties and stages
Of childhood and maturer ages;
Heroic bonds of brotherhood,
Even to archers of the wood,
Friendship's warm pulse,
And patriot's flame,
That Eden neither had nor knew,
But "the rich spoils of time convey,"
And daily human history strew,
That it were weak to longer envy

Adam and Eve their outward bliss;
At utmost charm, in this we miss
The minor notes that children ring,
The youthful harp that David trilled,
And Christian song triumphant;
Nor there Isaiah,
Nor Mantuan there,
Nor the resounding Demosthenes,
Hugo nor Goethe's immortal verse,
Browning nor Milton entranced the sphere,
Bryant nor Longfellow clear,
Lowell nor Whittier,
Nor breathing canvas,
Nor the mute symmetry of form,
Nor opera nor oratory thrilled,
Nor science and invention charmed.
  But sin, oh sin! thine awful curse
Gloams the sweet thought, "what might have
    been!"
  For all these shew but faintly
The life that God calls saintly,
Its charm of moral beauty,
And grace of daily duty
In full free play
Of Love's imperial thought;
Life's relations adjusted
So that none are distrusted,

The weak growing strong,
And the frail free from wrong;
The home, the state
Springs whence percolate
Streams sweet with the peace
Of God's completest release.
"Nor Jerusalem the golden,"
Too pure to be holden
Of human sight,
Nor God's presence in the city
Too strong a light for pity
Of lowly human plight.
But pity our eyes should miss
This heavenly metropolis,
To our waiting world descending,
Within whose walls are blending
The nations of the saved,
The honor of peoples hoary,
"And of kings of the earth their glory,"
For thus in bold figure,
Though this but meager
Shadow, in showing
God's thoughts glowing
In human society
Through practical piety;
His life in the heart,
His love as a part

In trade's attritions,
Discontent's ebullitions,
Labor's toils,
And brutal men's broils,
The mind's calm serenities,
Home's sweet amenities,
Glad neighbor love and kindness
Out to farthest heathen blindness
Of men moving only in shadow;
In action and reaction,
In every compaction
Of relation, wide and narrow,
To very pith and marrow.
So church of God in new dawning,
"Looking forth as the morning,
Fair as the Moon,
Clear as the Sun,
And serried grandly
As bannered army."
Only that our eyes are holden,
So brightly gleam,
Its pearls and stream,
"Jerusalem the golden,"
Stooping lowly to our need
In heart and deed;
Its twelve gates open wide
To ceaseless human tide

Claiming divine inheritance;
The murmurous melody
A far-sounding sea,
As in procession
Of nameless splendor,
Toward their possession
They joyfully pour,
And shouting boys and girls,
In childhood frolic toss their curls;
"Wolf and lamb,
Leopard and kid,
Calf and young lion together;
None hurt nor destroy,"
"For the Earth is full
Of the knowledge of the Lord
As waters fill the seas."
Here "Table Round"
Whence chivalrous renown
Eternal years astound;
And Holy Grail,
As in communion meet,
No thirsting lip will fail.
For by the quaint legend
Where hope's fruitions blend,
Assuring true souls union,
Legend of the cup of the first communion,
Transmitted from Joseph of Aramathea,

None but of heart and hand clear
Could touch the holy rim,
Vanishing from eye, as heart, dim,
But, for true-hearted men,
The Beaker, now, as then,
O'er wood and wold,
Binds in one fold,
From sea to sea,
Pledges one sympathy;
For mists are passing away,
And, at last, night is day,
And victory and victory.
O hearts, bounding with life's warm currents,
Touched of the ideal and heroic,
And all generous impulsions of youth,
Love, hope, and conquering vitality,
Raise high the banner of the Crucified,
As once ye Martyr Spirits of the ages,
Whose long trailing light brightens the centuries,
Not as flashing meteor,
Or blazing messenger of superstitious omen,
Nor yet cold, distant gleam
Of Sirius or Procyon,
But, as our intimates,
The heroic brotherhood,
The fervor of whose witness

L...C.

Won the faith
That glories and burns in human charities,
And gives regal earnest of the world's conquest
To righteousness, truth, and love.
By whose alchemy
Your once flaming robes
Are eternal iridescence;
Fit chorus, ye, of victorious song
Of Grail—touched lips, in words,
Nor as of joyous song birds,
Nor freighted as when
Merlin sat among men,
But deeper, sweeter,
And, for last triumph, meeter,
Whose far echoes wander
Out to Heaven's last wonder.
Holy hush lingers,
As trilling fingers
Waken the lay
Of exultant melody;
Sheen soft as Heaven
Plays o'er the sacred seven,
Aldebaran brightens,
Orion heightens,
Sun and stars listen,
Milky ways glisten.

Harp of the morning,
Harp of the night,
Wake in the dawning,
Wake at midnight;
Day breaks at last.

Free fling thy numbers,
Glory of wonders,
Love's last home-bringing
Shouting and singing.

Over all fields lies the sunshine,
Within all hearts breaks the sunshine,
Light, beauteous light,
White, as God's thought white,
God's light yours and mine.

Far as Eternal sway,
Far and far eternal day,
Truth and light, light and life,
In incessant play of genial strife,
Hand in hand forever stray.

Bow of love, without cloud
Breaking in thunder loud,
One effulgence of light,
One glory of might,
Day reigns, and all is light.

Mingling echoes prolong
Earth's chorus of song;
And as in homage we kneel,
Yet louder and louder peal,
As loftiest heavens reply
To Earth's anthem high,—
  Great Archangel strong,
I have no voice for thy Song,
Far and far away,
Proclaiming eternal day,
Its notes prolong.

  But my soul is richly fed
With crumbs of living bread,
And, in ancient lay, I cry,
"Glory to God on high,"
Who Earth to Heaven has wed.

God's peace broods over all;
The crescent Moon is up,
And day declines,
O what of joy and peace
'Tween its confines,
O what of fear
And sobbing tear,
O Earth, how great thy need!
O Earth, how faint our deed.

The shadows lengthen,
As the day declines;
Our shadows lengthen,
And our days decline;
Their last suns running
Low and lower,
And our feet treading
Slow and slower.

The day is clear,
But a slight chill
Its amber glory seems to fill;
Earth is not alway,
Time is fleet,
And rest awaits the weary feet.

Is it well with thee, brother?
Is it well?
Then, at morning or midnight,
Ring the bell;
And let the watchmen cry
"All is well,
All is well."

Poetic Consensus

We must take things as they really are,
Not as we think them.

VIRCHOW.

In unison with God's thought
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.

WHITTIER.

The celestial melodies are always the same,
Whatever the key in which they are sung.

L. G. B.

Behold the days come, saith the Lord,
That the plowman shall overtake the reaper,
And the treader of grapes him that soweth seed,
And the mountains shall drop sweet wine,
And all the hills shall melt.

AMOS.

Here shall humanity be blessed,
  And righteousness appear,
The love for Heaven we manifest
  Would build a Heaven here.

GEORGE VAUGHAN.

O, Gospel Legend, richest, sweetest,
Balm of divine healing,
A censer swinging 'mid the changing centuries,
Fed by the breath of prayer,
The prophetic energy,
The life of men,
While the pale panoply of the melting sky
Awaits a better prime.
For the noiseless doors of the divine purposes
Long since swung wide,
And perfumes of heavenly air
Mingle with the gray mists of Earth;
While trooping angels, friends of men,
Hither and thither make procession.

ANON.

Fathomless the soundings
Of the long-swelling deeps
Of the soul of song
In the words of St. John,
Though in hyperbole said,
That the deeds of the Lord
Could not be written;
The unfailing flow
Of that love and that glow
Coined into words,
Coined into deeds
For human needs;

But that the things written are written
That we may believe
That Jesus is the Christ;
And, that, believing,
We have life through His name.
And, that we know we have life,
And that the things written are written
That our darkness be light,
Our weakness might,
Joy and fellowship one
With the Father and with the Son,
Life cleansed at the fountain,
Till, as stream of the mountain
From springs gushing clear,
Its course may appear;
As Christ's promise given
To a heart that had striven
In fierce passion heats,
Cooling its beats;
"Who drinks of the water I bring,
Shall not again thirst,
But, as at the first,
Be a living heart-spring,"
A living spontaneity
Unto eternity and eternity;
"And from this as a source
Flow rivers in their course." ANON.

Does the night pass? Is the morning far?
Before the daylight shines a star,
  Have you seen the star in the sky?
Has the waning moon dropped wan and low?
Has the pale East caught a golden glow?
  O, Earth, is the sunrise nigh?

Before the daylight sings a bird,
Has any listening mortal heard
  In the dawning, still and dim,
That joyful song to coming light?
Those notes that in their upward flight
  Are like a rapturous hymn.

MRS. AMELIA BARR.

The port well worth the cruise is near,
And every wave is charmed.

EMERSON.

A sphere of stars about my soul,
In all her motion, one with law.

TENNYSON.

At last the heart,
Living poem of the universe,
Beating in rhythm
Of eternity and time.

L.G.B.

I report as a man may of God's work,
All's love, yet all's law.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Through so many streams with joy
My soul is filled, that gladness wells from it.

DANTE.

The only limit of the gift is its welcome.

L. G. B.

True joy is hope put out of fear.

LORD BROOKE.

And now good morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.

DR. DONNE.

Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands:
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

TENNYSON.

In His will is our peace.

DANTE.

Worship is life.

KINGSLEY.

There is but one true, real, and right life for rational beings, only one life worth living, in this or in any other world, past, present, or to come, and that is the Eternal life, which was before all worlds, and will be when these have passed away, and that is a good life, a life of good acts and words, and thoughts and feelings, the life of Christ and of God.

IBID.

Beyond the recognition and love of the divine is our union with it.

L. G. B.

O Thou Love of God! Thou Mystery! Thou Light of Life!
Thou Dawn beyond the dream!

INDIAN SONG OF SONGS.

I learned to know Christianity was a philosophy teaching higher truths than I had ever known in all our systems; to know that it gives not only precepts, but a perfect example, and not only example, but also assures divine grace, by which we can follow that example.

PUNDITA RAMABAI.

Christ is the supreme authority in the realm of religious thought.

CHUNDER SEN.

Christ is the resolution of all philosophy.
TOLSTOI.

The acknowledgment of God in Christ solves
for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it.
ROBERT BROWNING.

These wide, deep yearnings, seeking with a cry
Their meat from God, in Thee are satisfied.
DORA GREENWELL.

The night is far spent,
The day is at hand.
PAUL.

Happier made
At each new ministering.
DANTE.

Never was heart in such devotion bound,
And with complacency so absolute,
As mine at these words, and, so entire
The love for God, it eclipsed Beatrice in oblivion.
IBID.

But now was turning my desire and will,
Even as a wheel that equally is moved.
IBID.

The will rolled onward, like a wheel
In every motion, by the Love impelled
That moves the sun in heav'n and all the stars.

IBID.

Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light.
It is daybreak everywhere.

LONGFELLOW.

His religion was the absolute religion of the intelligent Universe, a gleam in thick night, but to become full day.

RENAN.

PRINTED BY R. R. DONNELLEY
AND SONS COMPANY, AT THE
LAKESIDE PRESS, CHICAGO, ILL.

NOV 11 1903

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